

Brother Bob Comes To Town

SEE PAGE FOUR

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OSCEOLA



Water lines, Strom Thurmond and the Rural Revolution. It's business as usual for W. W. Mims. See page six.

Resurrecting capital punishment

by Jim Walser and Jon Buchan

"What they decided is that you can't kill one man and not kill another, so here they're just gonna kill 'em all."

— a North Carolina prison official
as quoted in the New York Times

It's been 11 years since the South Carolina electric chair was last used and the small brick building which houses it is cold, dark and isolated.

The smell inside is strange and the possibility is unavoidable to the visitor: is it the smell of burned flesh? So you try to remember it's been 11 years.

There is a locked gate and two locked heavy steel doors that separate the cells of death row and the execution chamber from the rest of the Central Correctional Institute in Columbia. The cells on death row are a little bigger than those in the rest of the prison. And, prison people say, the state observed the niceties of serving condemned prisoners the traditional "last meal." ("Nobody ever asked for hummingbird's tongue or anything like that," said official Sam McCuen this week. "They might have asked for steak, but most of them probably asked for chicken.")

A 20-second walk away from death row is the electric

chair. It is in the center of the room perhaps 25 feet by 15 feet. Two of the walls are half-windows which run their full lengths. From here, about ten feet from the condemned person stood the warden, the family, the press and other spectators. The windows are so close to the chair that you could read the tatoos on a man's arm.

On the bench inside the window, the chaplain and the coroner sat. The prisoner was brought in, his trouser leg torn, salt brine (for better current circulation) applied, and the leather mask (long ago stolen by a visiting school tour) tied around his head. The metal skullcap with its electrodes was attached.

From the room just behind the chamber, the executioner watched through a one-way glass for the warden's signal to start the current. The only hope left was the black wall telephone, just like the one in anybody's kitchen, only ten feet away from the chair. Unless there was sudden call and pardon from the governor's office to CCI Extension 12, the signal would be given, 2,000 volts of electricity rocketed through the prisoner's veins to his brain, and the state of South Carolina would legally take a person's life.

When the United States Supreme Court outlawed the "death penalty" (as it was being administered at the time in 38 states) on June 29, 1972, the South Carolina General Assembly immediately appointed a committee to study the circumstances under which some form of capital punishment might be reinstated.

Two months before that special legislative committee began taking public testimony on the pros and cons, the committee's senior member, Senator LaNue Floyd of Williamsburg, was asked if he had any personal opinions on the question.

"Yes, sir," Floyd replied, "I'm definitely for capital punishment. If somebody comes up to my back door and blows my head off, why should he live? No question about it, I think the Supreme Court was definitely wrong."

Another committee member, Representative Lucius Porth of Lexington, also provided some insight into the committee's potential for objectively reaching a "decision" on the matter. Porth said, "We've got to put that four-letter word, F-E-A-R, back into law and order. People don't have

(Continued on page ten)

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbuktu"

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TRB

from Washington

We are pleased this week to run the first of what will be a weekly syndicated column from Washington written by Richard Strout, a correspondent for New Republic magazine and the Christian Science Monitor. Strout has been in Washington since the days of the Harding Administration and is generally regarded as one of the more interesting and perceptive of all Washington columnists. We have wanted to add a regular Washington column to our format for some time and decided that TRB was the most enjoyable choice available. We hope you agree.

--the editors

Farewell '73

There was economic euphoria a year ago. On January 11, Mr. Nixon gave business a gaudy New Year's present: he ended Phase II controls on corporate prices. The stock market hit 1051.70 on the Dow industrial index, highest in history. The newly elected President was riding high. On January 2 he had resumed the "Christmas bombing" of Vietnam. There were critics. Indira Gandhi expressed "horror"; the Swedish king called it "merciless"; Willy Brandt said relations would "deteriorate"; the Canadian House of Commons, in an unprecedented action, unanimously "deplored" the U.S. attack. Who cared? Look at the election returns! Mr. Nixon grimly faced the Democratic Congress as he prepared his budget. "Massive handouts to people" must stop, he said in an interview; doles made people too dependent. As for Vietnam, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird explained comfortably that Vietnamization was now complete and that South Vietnam, henceforth was "fully capable" of defending itself. So that worry was over.

There was, of course, inflation.

Pentagon sources said that the cost of the Christmas bombing alone was half a billion. The Nixon economists didn't worry. Government budget costs would be cut, particularly welfare costs. In his Inaugural, January 20, Mr. Nixon gave a reverse twist to the famous Kennedy saying; as Mr. Nixon put it, "ask not just what will government do for me, but what I can do for myself." (His income tax returns would come later.)

The budget message January 29 was a caution. The President proposed no new social program, but cuts, or elimination, of 112 current programs, among them landmarked education and aid legislation going back to Truman. He brought in young Howard Phillips to dismantle the Office of Economic Opportunity, the poor man's agency in Washington.

The annual economic report January 30 spelled out the good news. Wise administration policies were curbing inflation and the President hoped for a rate of only two and one-half percent or less by January 1974. Dr. Herbert Stein couldn't resist a little chuckle of complacency in the scholarly treatise: "By the end of 1972," he wrote, "the American anti-inflation policy had become the marvel of the rest of the world." The operative word was "marvel."

On February 12 world pressure forced America to devalue the dollar 10 percent, the second time in 14 months.

That 13-day leap from "marvel" to "devaluation" set an economic track record that, we guess, will stand for a long time. Things got worse after that.

Let it be said, in fairness, that national economic forecasting is a hard business. It is surrounded by luck and no presidential adviser has a perfect score. About the best we know is Walter Heller, who in the early '60's helped produce the longest period of sustained economic growth with price stability in history. It got out of control, alas, with LBJ's Vietnam inflation.

The record of the Nixon advisers is miserable. They haven't guessed what would happen, and they haven't been able to protect the poor and the weak. The fact is, I believe, that the administration is the most regressive in modern times. The gap between rich and poor has widened, and this may be worse for the nation, in the long run, than Watergate.

Herbert Stein and George Schultz abhor government controls; they are

sincere and put faith in the free competitive market—a faith that might work under laboratory conditions but that has failed repeatedly and dangerously in the real world. Here is the record:

†President Nixon, while business boomed, dogmatically opposed any tax increases that might have soaked up inflationary buying.

†He and his economists triumphantly abolished the successful Phase II controls a year ago just as the price roller-coaster started.

†Protectionist quotas against import of oil were continued despite growing warnings; for example last January 17 the director of the Office of Emergency Preparedness declared, "We're going to have a tight fuel situation all winter." There were spot gasoline shortages all during last Memorial Day weekend.

†The Nixon staff woke one day to find that the USSR had bought one quarter of our 1972 feed grain crops; Russia paid a subsidized \$1.50 to \$1.60 a bushel, when a year later the price would be \$4.80 a bushel.

†Today the same team is resisting the use of strong government action that seems almost inevitable in a severe, developing inflation-recession. Consumer prices are advancing at a near-record seasonally adjusted rate of 9.6 percent, and unemployment lay-offs are beginning to knock at industry after industry.

That's the story. A recent poll shows 76 percent now believe "the rich get richer and the poor get poorer." They are right. Corporate profits in the past year have soared. At the same time workers are on the treadmill—making more money that will buy less food, less services, and less consumer goods. The official figures show a 3.3 percent decline in "real earnings" (after taxes and inflation) from a year ago. That's an average of maybe \$3.25 a week (the price of a workshirt say, or having shoes repaired) or \$170 a year. Not something to hit the headlines, maybe, but multiply it by a work force of 70 to 80 million and it means the loss of billions in purchasing power. It's tougher on the poor and the destitute whose food is a larger proportion of their budget. Food prices have jumped 20 percent.

The White House energy czar William Simon, has recruited several hundred oil company experts to advise him. Presumably once more the corporations are going to be looked after. In a shortage, it's the meek who inherit the dearth.

We don't mean to be cruel about it, but this year at income tax time a lot of us are going to be thinking of Mr. Nixon and tax loopholes. In four years incumbency, his net worth rose from \$307,000 to a million and his taxes on a quarter million income were equivalent only to those of a family with an income of \$15,000. He has always hated taxes. Like Truman's, his motto was, "the buck stops here."

It is a coincidence of some political important, perhaps, that the House will be considering impeachment this year just about April 15—that's Form 1040 time.

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The latest episode of the continuing saga of Ken Love has again proved disastrous for the young Columbian. Last summer after being removed by the Governor from his position as Columbia magistrate, for "questionable practices," Love founded a bail and bond service in downtown Columbia. He apparently had been doing well at that vocation until last week when he and his partner in the bonding company were arrested for attempting to bribe a police officer. Two narcotics detectives alleged that Love and his partner had offered them money to drop the charges in two marijuana cases the officers had made.

What makes Love's latest troubles even harder for him to swallow is that only a few weeks ago he made the decision to run for Governor. In mid-December, a staff member from *Osceola* learned from a reliable source that Love was making plans to run for office so the staff member telephoned Love at his bail and bond office. The conversation went something like this:

OS: Mr. Love, we understand you're going to run for Governor. Is that true?

Love: Where did you hear that?

OS: A source.

Love: Listen, why don't we have a cup of coffee and talk about it.

OS: Then you are running for Governor?

Love: Well, yes, but let's talk about it before you print anything.

OS: Are you also planning to run a different sort of a campaign, for instance, a walk across the state campaign like they did in Florida?

Love: Where did you hear that?

OS: A source.

Love: Well, listen we really need to get together and talk about this. How about a cup of coffee?

OS: When are you going to make your announcement?

Love: Not before January 15th.

OS: We'll hold the story until after Christmas, then; how about a cup of coffee sometime after the first?

Love: Appreciate it.

Love hasn't been available for any coffee klatches with *Osceola* staffers lately, but it should be interesting to see how his latest bout with the establishment affects his political strategy.

Attorney General Dan McLeod held a press conference last week to announce legislation he is recommending the General Assembly take action on during the 1974 session. After he discussed these proposals, which ranged from modification of the state's abortion and obscenity statutes to the disclosure of gifts to public officials and employees, a reporter asked him about rumors that the Attorney General might be a potential candidate for governor.

McLeod said he had heard the rumor, but wasn't taking it very seriously. "My wife would probably campaign against me," he said. "Being governor doesn't appeal to me very much. The house isn't big enough," he joked.

"There are potential candidates everywhere. You throw a rock at any crowd of politicians and you'd hit a potential candidate. And I personally hope your rock lands on some of them pretty severely."

McLeod, who has been South Carolina Attorney General for 15 years, did in the end leave the door slightly ajar for a run for the governorship by avoiding reporters' attempts to obtain a definitive denial or confirmation of the possibility.

"Now if I had a bunch of money and the inclination I might consider running, but right now I have neither," the Attorney General explained.

Over a year ago a portrait of Spiro Agnew, formerly vice-president of the United States and Governor of Maryland, was finished by a Maryland artist and slated

for hanging in the Maryland State House. Many people viewing the work for the first time believed they could see a halo over Agnew's head. The artist denied any intentional effort to paint the halo into the picture so it was dismissed as optical trickery.

Last week the portrait was finally hung; however only after it was retouched so that there would be no doubt as to what the artist sought to depict. Lt. Governor Blair Lee III said, referring to the painting, "The halo is definitely gone."

The Shandon Neighborhood Council scored its first major victory Tuesday when it convinced the Zoning Board of Adjustment to reverse a decision it made in November allowing the First Colonial Corporation to build a six unit condominium in the area. The condominium was to have been constructed on the triangular spit of land bounded by Blossom Street and Lowndes Road.

Although the First Colonial may still build the condominium, it may only construct five units, which its spokesmen have alleged would not allow the Corporation to benefit financially from the project.

There has been significant community opposition to the project (see *Osceola* Dec. 7) and more than the usual publicity for the Zoning Board. The move Tuesday was made in a re-hearing procedure and reversed an earlier decision by the Board to allow First Colonial the variances necessary to build the project.

One spokesperson for the Shandon Neighborhood Council said he was convinced the "about-face" done by the Board was due directly to the neighborhood's active campaign to block the project. The results have left the members of the community enthused, so enthused in fact, that they say they are "considering" fielding a "candidate or candidates" for the City Council race this spring.

Many of them remember that Mayor Campbell and the City Council promised in a meeting with several hundred members of the community last summer that they would

take action to preserve the integrity of their community. Since no action has been forthcoming from the Council or the Mayor, they feel they need a more reliable method to protect their interests.

They say you can't fight City Hall, but the folks in Shandon Neighborhood reason they won't have to fight 'em if they can join 'em.

In response to Sen. Ed Garrison's (D-Anderson) bill which would require by law that the University of South Carolina and Clemson play each other in basketball, Rep. Alex Sanders proposed an amendment Wednesday which would modify the bill somewhat.

"It seems to me that if the Legislature is going to get into the business of legislating basketball games we might as well go all the way. I propose further that the score shall be 79-81," Sanders' amendment read.

The Lt. Governor's race is beginning to look interesting. Senator Isadore Lourie (D-Richland) withdrew from the race a few weeks ago for personal and health reasons leaving the door open to some of the lesser knowns. Rep. Brantley Harvey (D-Beaufort) has thrown his hat into the ring followed closely by Alex Sanders (D-Richland). Sanders, well known as "a good ole boy" in the Columbia area kicked his campaign off with a press conference featuring a country banjo band.

Sanders entry into the race is particularly interesting because of some of the behind the scenes dealings which preceded it. Reliable sources told *Osceola* that a week prior to Sanders announcement he had lunch with S.C. Democratic Party Chairman Don Fowler at which they discussed which of them would be the better candidate. Fowler it seems, wanted to run but is convinced that he and Sanders would split the urban moderate vote leaving Harvey the primary victory. Sanders apparently convinced Fowler that the Executive Director would be better off looking for some other seat to seek.

In other developments it appears Westy Westmoreland will run for the state's top spot as a Republican. The General may not get the upsurge of support, however, if the

comment by a local industrialist to a local newspaper is generally held.

Referring to Westmoreland's attempts to bring industry, specifically the Michelin plant in the upstate, the industrialist said, "It was a farce, he nearly blew the plant. If it hadn't been for some members of the Development Board he would have lost the whole thing. After seeing him in action in this case it is no wonder we lost in Vietnam."

While the South Carolina General Assembly will no doubt be doing a great deal of hemming and hawing in the coming months over more strict ethics and campaign spending regulations, for its members, some national leaders have begun to recognize the growing public concern over where elected representatives, whether those in Washington or state capitals, get campaigns and personal finances.

Democratic representative Charles A. Vanik of Ohio announced the other day that he will spend no funds other than his own, and will seek no contributions during his coming re-election campaign.

"Money contaminates the political process," Vanik understated. "I will endeavor to campaign without a campaign fund—no contributions to be accepted, no signs, no campaign cards, no advertising, no purchase of time or space in the media."

Vanik, who is seeking his eleventh term in Congress and is currently unopposed, stated "if events of the last year are to have any meaning at all, it should be that the American people will never again permit public office to be bought."

Meanwhile, on a South Carolina ETV news program Monday night focusing on the coming legislative session, Richland County House member Weems O. Baskin III was asked what he thought of the possibility of stronger ethics legislation. (Currently the Senate has no financial disclosure regulations concerning anything, and the House has a weak one).

"I don't really see any reason for it," Baskin offered. "Every now and then the House Ethics Committee sends us a form to fill out...since I've been up there [in the General Assembly] I've been quite impressed with the honesty and hard work that the members put in. I really can't see any reason for another ethics bill..."



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'It's Fun Being Saved'

by Dan Lackey

Direct from a ten-day guided tour of the Holy Land, Brother Bob Harrington, the Chaplain of Bourbon Street, hit Columbia on New Year's weekend with the Fifth Annual Spiritual Bowl at the Carolina Coliseum.

In addition to his main performances in the Coliseum, Brother Bob made assorted jail, church, hospital, radio, and television appearances. It was an evangelical tour de force.

This was the third consecutive year for the Bowl in Columbia (the first two were held in Birmingham) and B.B. and company and local supporting churches hope that the annual New Year's revival will find a permanent home here. Columbia may be the perfect site.

If the Spiritual Bowl is to become a national event it must at least appear to consume the town in which it rests. Urban Atlanta would swallow Brother Bob up in a minute, but Columbia has legitimate pretense to small-town airs; it's big enough to be exploited and small enough to take.

Plans are in the making for nationwide live-TV coverage of the Spiritual Bowl's New Year's Eve service. This year it was video-taped for distribution to 35 cities in February. Since a national return to the Saviour would not discourage the traditional holiday pop rites, banal and godless as they be (like Ben Grauer at Times Square), it would be necessary, if the movement truly sweeps the land, for Brother Bob to fill the shoes of Guy Lombardo.

Columbia should be an easy mark for an evangelist who is in the process of establishing a "beach-head" in Washington, D. C. The state of the nation has recently prodded B.B. to the capital where he did a stint in the Presidential Ballroom at the Statler-Hilton Hotel a couple of blocks from the White House. It was part of B.B.'s "God Bless America Crusade." B.B. says he went to Washington because "throughout history, God has moved his ministers toward the

palace." Apparently Watergate moved God to move B.B. to Washington when it seemed clear that the *White House as palace* was more than a metaphor.

B.B. reports of his surging ambition, while in the White House, to "get in the Oval Office." B.B. admits that Billy Graham may have the President's ear but B.B. wants the President's heart. He'll never get really close of course to the real life sinners in power and if he does get close you can bet the sinners are no longer sinners but names to drop on the common folk. While in Columbia, B.B. must have mentioned Melvin Laird a dozen times or more.

"Brother Bob is a kind of special treat, a celebrity raised to the status of a consummate artist by virtue of his partnership with God."

As a fundamentalist preacher B.B. can bray on the wind of three main threats: hell-fire and personal death; hell-fire and universal annihilation; and hell-fire and plain old immorality, smoking and drinking, lying and cheating, dancing and fornicating—simple black sin and corruption. The hell-fire of threat number 3 is most convivial to B.B.'s country sense of humor. B.B. is almost a folk hero to the blue collar crowd and a towering, inspiring amusement to everyone else. With all his "innocent" chastising jokes about booze and loose women, he can almost forget about sin and preach against naughtiness.

B.B. boasts that he is a salesman for God. And this means changing with the times. He will not be seen as a crank and a square. The hair is brushed back long over the ears. Clothes. No Quaker drab, but well-trimmed gospel flash. Fundamentalism must not be seen as an isolated eccentric sociological order like the Amish because it, supposedly,

is the heart of middle America. So B.B. has a slogan: "It's Fun Being Saved." The slogan rails against social sermons and diffident Baptists who value sobriety. It really says, of course: Let's join the Pepsi generation. So B.B. says his thing is *fun*; and—one may weep—the jewel of religious joy, so rare and valuable, has been turned into a trinket. Fun. "Say it," Brother Bob cries. "Say it: *It's fun being saved.*" And the crowd repeats: "*It's fun being saved.*" A joyful noise? Well, not quite. In the Carolina Coliseum the slogan groans like solemn thunder.

B.B. and company have not seen the devil

don't flock to hear him just to be scared.

Sure, at the invitation many come forward and some are genuinely frightened by what B.B. actually has to say; but it can't be forgotten what kind of evening the revival is: Brother Bob is a kind of special treat (a rest from the mundane men who serve their congregations faithfully), a celebrity raised to the status of consummate artists by virtue of his partnership with God.

It is my conviction that most of those who flock to Brother Bob at the call are gospel regulars who want to make sure that Brother Bob makes it big in order to fulfill their expectations. In kneeling at the altar they are merely tossing themselves, like roses, on the stage of a "great performer."

They are also acting as children to an authoritarian God incarnate. B.B. "punishes" his children and then pets them when they show subservience by marching to the altar. It is significant to note that Brother Bob never *begs* a crowd to come forward although he does employ the universal revival seduction "Just As I Am," a hymn that from childhood has always melted even my own hardened heart. B.B. either *demand*s they come, or, like a bully drawing a line in the dust, he *dares* them to come. And after they've come and they've prayed and they're spent, B.B. pets them. "Aren't ya glad ya came?" Brother Bob softly scroons. "Did ya have *awant* to in your heart? Did Jesus make it better?"

B.B.'s forte is threat number 3: hell-fire and moral trivia. The other threats are fundamental to responsible preaching but still peripheral to the core that makes every performance click. With threat number 3, B.B. can entertain us, make us laugh.

Number three deals with *relatively* unimportant matters; one and two deal with ultimate concerns and, if not obscured by B.B.'s style, they could spoil the *fun*. The threat of individual death could actually *depress* a revival. And the threat of global suicide might do just the opposite.

If mankind—and this of course, includes Columbia—is facing *real* damnation (a nuclear war for oil?), it is doubtful that

in modern advertising or maybe they're just using him. Jack Price, B.B.'s soloist, lends himself to that gospel pop which, quickly reworded, could be sold to Coca-Cola. And B.B. himself treats his message none too sacredly as something that can be bought and sold. Sure enough, at every gathering, Brother Bob has his stand of trinkets. Books, records, cassette tapes. He plugs them from pulpit and podium. At my door, he's a Jehovah's Witness with Fuller Brushes.

Threat Number 1: hell-fire and personal death; and threat number 2: hell-fire and universal annihilation (this threat includes, by the way, the perennial, if waning, threat of "communism"); these cannot be easily packaged as fun. When Brother Bob uses these threats the medium is the only message and it's B.B. himself that's packaged and sold. In word or in dynamic stature B.B. may breathe hell-fire like a dragon but people

continued on page five

respectable "hysteria"—rather on the giddy level of a well-chaperoned teenage hayride—neatly packaged, neatly controlled, in a flirtatiously hip revival format can remain respectable, neatly packaged, neatly controlled.

There may be a need for more than cheap catharsis when B.B.'s new converts imagine they are clinging to a rock in the midst of a rapidly rising flood tide. They may not be able to contain the ecstatic relief they feel in their new salvation. The excitement of being saved in the midst of global suicide will, in short, not merely be fun. The new converts may, right then and there, require a Dionysian release that will bowl through Brother Bob's half-baked hand-clapping exercises and violate sacred taboos against sensuality.

I make fun of Brother Bob, but here's a simple point: B.B.'s revival is not for a time of imminent crisis. Right now he can toy a little with fear, knowing that on this small globe, current events can bring just enough paranoia to the playing floor. But not too much. Watergate and the standard old vices give B.B. a platform apart from the ultimate concerns of religion. In these troubled times—the last days?—threats one and two could sell too well and spoil...well...good clean family fun.

All I know about the life of Brother Bob Harrington I read in B.B.'s (spiritual) autobiography *The Chaplain of Bourbon Street* in which B.B. describes, naturally, his traumatic day on the Road to Damascus (April 15, 1958) and his rugged manly ministry among the whores and homos and pimps and strippers and dope addicts in the sin-riddled French Quarter of New Orleans.

The book, I assure, touches the actual life of B.B. about as closely as a grade B movie on the Rise and Fall touches actual ancient Rome, but if it's good enough for the brethren it's good enough for me, as I'm not out to make an Elmer Gantry out of anyone and the facts therein, such as they be, can be interpreted by the godless as well as the godly.

The book begins: "The word spread fast along Bourbon Street." (The Eliot Ness syndrome?) B.B. describes himself as "a sin-busting, devil-chasing young preacher" who was "a stranger who had no place in an area dedicated to perverted pleasure," "the very heartland of heathenism." Chapter One called "A Visit From Sunbeam" begins with a recounting of Brother Bob's finest hour. The resisting of great temptation.

For Sunbeam is a Bourbon Street stripper who has come to "Unmask him as a real-life Elmer Gantry." Brother Bob describes her: "She was the most famous and beautiful stripper on the street. Her measurements—42-25-36—were legendary...Her 'Dance of Love'—a performance in which she simulated the climactic moment of orgasm—had aroused thousands of men."

Brother Bob remains steadfast during the proposition. Surely an act of bravery since Sunbeam had aroused thousands of men. And not only does Brother Bob give her the brush-off; he thinks immediately of home and family. He takes Sunbeam home to his wife in hopes of domesticating her (Sunbeam—not his wife) and lives through terrifying moments when Sunbeam says "goddam" in front of his little girls.

Sunbeam has a tragic end: she is murdered. But the chapter is not about Sunbeam's tragedy, but about Brother Bob's great victory. *Thousands of men had Sunbeam aroused.* But not Brother Bob. The devil didn't dare to enter Brother Bob's groin at Sunbeam's proposition. So how did Brother Bob attain such rugged moral fortitude? The book will tell us: he has a mission.

Brother Bob apparently had one of the most in-depth conversions in the history of Sweet Water, Alabama. Soon after his own conversion he saved his Mama and his Papa. He saved the policeman that stopped him for speeding when he was high on Jesus. And yes, he saved the psychiatrist. And this beginning was only a sample of Brother Bob's power to convert. In years since he has converted everywhere: parked cars, door-steps, nightclubs and alley ways. B.B.'s rabid style of winning souls, as described in

Brother Bob talked a little longer than was necessary on "some independent Baptists" who hadn't supported the Harrington Crusade just because the Assembly of God was in it.

Brother Bob travels with an official entourage of only four. His secretary; his soloist, and music director Jack Price; accompanist Gerald Reed; and his bus driver and business manager Max Carter. The group works from the supportive base of the local



Rev. Lonnie Shull, Gov. West, Lt. Gov. and Mrs. Morris.

B.B.'s rapid style of winning souls, is reminiscent of the sexual life-style expounded respectably by the late Paul Goodman. B. B. is virtually cruising for Christ.

his book, is reminiscent of the sexual life style expounded respectably by the late Paul Goodman. B.B. is virtually cruising for Christ.

It was my privilege to catch nearly all of Brother Bob's New Year's week-end performances. The man has phenomenal energy. Sunday was absolutely no day of rest: 8:45—Lexington High School; 11:00—Northside Baptist Church; 3:00—The Coliseum; 6:00—Second Nazareth Baptist Church; 7:30—Assembly of God.

B.B. was honest to God in all five Sunday services but like the best performers he modified himself according to the audience and the space. The ancient auditorium at Lexington High School was much too small but big enough for a warm-up for a blast at Northside Baptist. At Lexington, B.B. was a little harsh. He was comfortable in Northside where he could preach to the limits and the radio audience could hear him doing his thing among his own. At the Coliseum, Brother Bob preached that what America needed was "men-men-men." Aware of the black matriarchy, he chuckled this message when he went to Second Nazareth Church and in his gentle little boy way, everything was my-mama-this and my-mama-that. The Assembly of God, at 7:30 p.m., was thunder-full and filled with the spirit. The congregation was, for the most part, around the ages of Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice, and the singing and praying was much like a clean, safe sensitivity session. Brother Bob had it made at Assembly of God—the congregation was so bright; and I thought the service might be a gorgeous spiritual climax to the day. But

churches as it almost certainly must and this gives it sanction as a community event; not an outside operation. The choir is from the local churches; the choir rehearsal immediately before the service is an integral part of the evening. It gives a real sense of a communal event in a very health informality. As Brother Bob said of the choir "These is your own folks, they ain't imported."

The dignitaries on the platform—someone should tell Brother Bob—are not in the least organic to the service. But I suppose they serve their purpose. Saturday night the Mayor begged off with a hell-fire of a hundred and two degree temperature but on Sunday the crowd could see and hear the Governor and Lieutenant Governor Earle Morris. Governor West must be a Baptist of

sobriety: he never clapped his hands but only patted them gingerly together. And Mr. Morris was a little irritating. One of the themes of his brief address to the crowd was we believe in the *principle* of church-state separation *but...* (Not when votes are in the offing, I suppose).

And on New Year's Eve, Brother Bob was joined on the platform by Pamela Prescott, Miss Black Teenage South Carolina. Miss Prescott was a literary person unaccustomed to the semantics of revivalism. I had expected a sister of the soul but was disappointed. She read her testimony and it was nice. Had the occasion been secular she might have composed a piece called "George Washington Carver and his Peanut" mostly cribbed from Encyclopedia Britannica. Miss Prescott and her pastor, Rev. Bowman, sat in the front row of the platform until the second service when they were relegated to the back of the bus, so to speak, by the arrival of Congressman Floyd Spence and his wife. It should be noted that none of the "dignitaries" ever came to the "altar."

B.B.'s most interesting message did not come in a sermon at all. At noon on Monday, a small group of pastors and friends met in the Windsor Room of the Sheraton Inn for a time of non-flamboyant fellowship. Brother Bob played a cassette recording of his on-the-spot reflections at various Biblical historical sites in the Holy Land. Brother Bob, I felt, had improvised brilliantly; the tape, if you will, was a piece of holy journalism and it was timely for the luncheon get-together. I had heard in the two days previously a little too much of Brother Bob directly.

B.B.'s voice on the tape was quiet, reverent, and confidential. He made his experience seem much larger than that of an innocent tourist. The tape allowed everyone to eavesdrop on Brother Bob in private communion with God. B.B. stood humble before the recorder while it played. He struck me for the first time not as super-human but as a simple craftsman showing the boys a bit of the work he was most proud of. The tape would soon be sent to Nashville to be included on Brother Bob's next album.

The tape left a strange silence and Brother Bob quietly directed Jack to sing. Jack sang "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord." When Jack was done, C.E. Roberts, Brother Bob's television producer gave a brief testimony in which he frankly eulogized Brother Bob even though B.B. was right there beside him in the flesh. Brother Bob said amen to that and started to close in prayer but one of the pastors gently reminded him that they were going to have testimonies, but B.B. answered no, not now, because everything was...just right. But someone stood up anyway and there were two solid testimonies, very honest and moving, and Brother Bob mumbled a little apology for standing in the Way of the Lord in trying to cut the meeting short. The luncheon ended in a small state of grace.

As he left, Brother Bob had in the one hand the Word of God enclosed in a Bible and in the other, the Voice of Himself imprinted on a cassette tape.

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Fighting the Good Fight In Edgefield County

"I've never failed at anything except a little pig farm one time..."

by Jon Buchan

William Walton Mims was born in Edgefield County in 1911. He left to attend The Citadel for three years before returning to Edgefield to edit his family's newspaper, the *Edgefield Advertiser*, the oldest newspaper in South Carolina. Mims wasted no time in establishing his independence from general opinion by opposing Franklin Delano Roosevelt when the rest of the solid rural South was still honeymooning with That Man.

Today at 62—he looks much younger than that—he is still very independent, very stubborn, very sure he is right. He refuses to give himself a political label, and his editorial stands defy others to do so.

While Mims had long been a figure of local controversy in Edgefield, his most flamboyant entry into statewide affairs came several years ago. The Federal government had approved, during the late 1960s, a plan to fund a \$5 million water system for the Edgefield-Aiken-Augusta area. The system was to serve the town of Edgefield and the county's other two major towns with a water system that was also to serve a large metropolitan area in the counties south of Edgefield.

Although the proposed system had the support of just about everyone concerned, from Edgefield County native Sen. Strom Thurmond to Mims' own son-in-law, Edgefield County Rep. Butler Derrick, Mims opposed the water system. He said it would isolate the western portion of the county, induce the people living there to move to the metropolitan area, and further undermine the heritage of Edgefield County. Mims took the case to court where his lawyers argued that the proposed funds—legally designated for underdeveloped counties such as Edgefield—were being illegally used to improve the water systems of non-eligible counties.

Reporters and lawyers (including one of his own) who were suspicious of Mims' motives thought he must own land in the western part of the county, which is sparsely populated mostly by poor rural blacks. They found on the contrary that Mims owned 449 acres of land about the same distance from the proposed water system as land owned by Dr. J. W. Thurmond (Senator Thurmond's brother) of Augusta. Dr. Thurmond's children, according to contemporary newspaper accounts, owned about 417 acres four miles north of the proposed line. Thurmond's law partner, Judge Charles Simons, owned 253 acres two miles east of the line. Mims says now he was certainly aware at the time that his own land would appreciate if the line was laid as proposed.

Mims fought the water system bitterly. His tactics angered many and amused others. The *Columbia State*

editorialized against his stand, claiming it was unfair for one individual to delay a project desired by virtually the rest of the county. On October 11, 1972, during the middle of Sen. Thurmond's Senatorial campaign against Nick Zeigler, Mims' paper—reduced from eight to four pages allegedly due to a "conspiratorial boycott" by advertisers—ran huge headlines claiming Thurmond had fathered racially mixed children. Mims bought television time to publicize his stories. The tactics embarrassed Zeigler because of the implications that his campaign was behind the slurs.

Mims' legal case against the water system spent two years in the courts and eventually resulted, said his critics, in a \$1.3 million increase in the cost of the system. His case and his determination had enough merit, according to his Columbia attorney, to persuade former Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas to consult *gratis* on the case in Mims' behalf when it went to district court in Richmond.

Despite such grand support, Mims eventually lost the suit and resorted to less direct tactics to voice his disapproval of the state of affairs. On January 1, 1973, he continued his campaign to protect the heritage of rural America by flying over the State House in Columbia in a red and white single engine plane to "protest years of neglect of the interests of rural people and the tragedy of the twentieth century."

To many, Mims' tactics and opinions have made him into a quack along the lines of Georgia entertainer/politician Lester Maddox. (In fact, there is a framed letter from Maddox to Mims on the editor's office wall.) But much of what he has to say sounds like echos of the Georgia populists of the turn of the century, the rural spirits who suspected anything rich, big, or urban. Some have likened his opinions to John Birchism, with its racism and paranoia. And he could claim some kinship with John Crowe Ransom and the Nashville Agrarians of the 1930s, who fought vainly to keep out industry and maintain the rural virtues and values of the South.

"I've never failed at anything I've tried, except a little pig farm one time," Mims said recently during an interview. "Now I'm comfortable from my cattle-farming and my land. My success comes from my Jeffersonian love of the soil. Jefferson said that those who live by the soil are the chosen people of the Lord."

Now Mims puts out his four-page, highly editorialized paper with the help of one black man. Even for the most conservative South Carolinians, he is too much of a mystery, too unpredictable, too much, perhaps, a radical of the right. His newspaper is dying while a new Edgefield newspaper—run by the alleged conspirators—is thriving.

All this, however, doesn't seem to bother him and each week he hopes for the Rural Revolution and puts out the paper for the few hundred who still read it. "I'm not a philosopher or a particularly religious man," Mims said. "But we've all got to have some values to fall back on."

OS: How long has your family been connected with the Edgefield Advertiser?

MIMS: This is about the hundredth year it's been in my family. My grandfather, John Thomas Adams, came back here from the war between the states after studying law but became rather disappointed in the ethics of the practice of law, so he bought this newspaper in 1873. When he died, my mother was heir to it and she re-married to Walter Mims. He was in banking and he felt the necessity to carry on this newspaper, which was very influential.

He felt he could do a great deal of good. He was a lay preacher for this area and during his editorship—which lasted 35 years—it was a very common thing for him to drive out to the rural areas and fill the vacancy of maybe a pastor who was on vacation or while a committee was selecting a new pastor. I became rural-oriented when I was very young. This was a rural county and all your institutions—such as the county seat—were supported by rural people. I grew up in the old horse and buggy days. I grew up and saw the great values of the traditions we have inherited out of this pioneer rural spirit.

This is a very historic county, probably the most historic rural county in the world. I couldn't begin to recite to you, not in hours, the tremendous influence that old Edgefield County has had not only in state and national affairs, but on the international scene. Woodrow Wilson, who was the first President who had an idealistic view of the world—Wilson was an intellectual who grew up in colonial Augusta, and Edgefield County had an influence on him.

We've had missionaries and industrialists. For example, Dr. John Lake, a very famous world-renowned physician, who established the first leper colonies in the far east lived here. He was a great inspiration to me. I have grown up here and known some of the great figures of history. Of course, you can't help but be influenced by them. I sense a great responsibility to the great values and the great personalities. I know how they felt about things and that they were willing to give their whole lives.

I see in Edgefield people, great people whom I have seen pass away during my time, having given their whole lives to great causes. And that's how I've been influenced. I am moved to go all out when I start with something. I don't



Photos of Mims by Jon Buchan

I'm in communication with such agencies as the Antitrust committee of the United States Senate. Senator Hart, for example. I had had a lot of correspondence with him before this happened. I had a familiarity with his work. He's a liberal. He was doing a very good thing a few years ago trying to break up this media monopoly. It's a tragic thing that the people have let our government allow these metropolitan newspapers to combine and create a whole metropolitan area in which their ideas hold sway. Senator Philip Hart was introducing legislation to break up these combines. But he told me that the way it turned out, Congress changed the intent of his committee entirely, and came out with something that actually strengthened these monopolies.

You see what's happening in this revolutionary period is all kinds of advantages are being taken. Young radicals, you might say, and revolutionaries who really want to improve the life style and want to help the country are now aware that these shrewd planners—and most of them have the label of conservative or ultraconservative—are doing something perhaps much more revolutionary, much more damaging than the street-fighters are doing.

They have coldly calculated—just take this state for example—to regionalize the state into these different population centers and metropolitan areas. The newspapers have sort of staked out their claims to these big circulation areas and that is why all of these big daily newspapers will tolerate no opposition to any form of consolidation that brings the small counties within their power. And all your big dailies are fighting now for city-county consolidation. I totally disagree with this idea. Your metropolitan newspapers and your bankers sit there with the politicians and form what I call the power structure. Bill Workman calls it the establishment. It's all the same thing.

All they are doing is re-creating a system of government in the United States that is eroding the republic as it was formed years ago. This is the tragedy that I see as the most damaging thing.

OS: You mentioned that the people who are working under the labels of conservative and ultra-conservative are doing even more damage than the street fighters. What do you mean by damaging?

Mims: Let us say we have an old house, like this country is two hundred years old. Your radical extremists that your conservative is so outspoken against, is simply trying to change the furniture around, to change the pictures on the wall, to make the seating more comfortable and equitable for everybody, to provide better mattresses and better heating. But you know what these conservatives are doing?

They are literally destroying the framework of the house. They are undermining the sills, they are taking out the braces. They're destroying what is called the basic framework of a residence. And it's true they may say, well, it's rotten anyway. Your county governments are awful things now. Your local courthouse politicians are really worse than the others, and I agree with that so much. But why are they worse? They are worse because they have been polluted, contaminated by a constant flow of funds that still is guided and appropriated by the central government in Washington.

To depart a moment, when President Nixon speaks of again making sovereign and independent the parts of our country by revenue sharing, it's a totally false promise. It's simply an old political promise that is being posed here to make the people really believe that they are going to see their counties and communities revitalized when the federal funds are poured into them. And it's simply going to bind them awfully closer to the central government.

OS: You say that the so-called radicals only want to change the furniture around. Would you say the conservatives and ultra-conservatives are even more damaging?

Mims: They are creating a fascist state.

OS: Who are some of the individuals you are talking about?

Mims: I have learned something from the liberals and the youth movement. They are associated with collectivism and communism, which is associated with ultra-liberalism and really, when the revolutionary has that pinned on him, you think in terms of the Kremlin and the police state in context of nobody owning anything. Of course, it's been said for generations that the natural tendency will be in the industrial revolution for there to be more central controls and more regimentation and more communism and collectivism. But in America it isn't actually taking this shape. It's taking the shape of fascism.

There's a reason. Capitalists are not going along with the idea that everything they've got is going to be taken away from them. So the capitalist, what he wants most of all is a totally regimented society in which his control and power will be enhanced and increased for the reason that his wealth will increase and for the reason that the little man will eventually be put out of business and then the relatively few extremely wealthy will monopolize everything. That is fascism. In other words, a Hitler-Mussolini type of fascism.

OS: You mean making the train run on time and all that?

Mims: That's right; for the sake of efficiency in industry to give more power to those who own and control it. Hitler worked closely with the Krupp family. And out of that

develops cartels that reach from country to country, from international bank to international bank, and what you have is not a developing communist system—collectivist in the sense that nobody owns anything—but a tendency in this country to fascism which is developing very fast.

And while I'm not looking at that and fighting it directly you might say that the ultimate purpose of one in my position, well, it looks as though that's what I am fighting.

OS: In South Carolina, we have two Senators. One of them is known as an ultra-conservative—Senator Thurmond—and one who is known increasingly as a liberal—Senator Hollings. In the past you have strongly criticized Thurmond's connections with big business and these other forces you have been talking about. On the other hand, you have Senator Hollings, who has sponsored legislation such as Coastal Zone Management, which you have opposed in the past. Do you see equal dangers from these political spectrums, in federal government if not necessarily in these individuals?

Mims: Senator Thurmond has always tried to hold up for himself an image of a total super-patriot, a conservative from old Edgefield, South Carolina, the rock-ribbed Baptist stronghold, home of the Southern Baptist Convention. Senator Thurmond has tried to give the people of South Carolina the image of this old Edgefield County native who stands tried and true for the great values of that world as represented by Edgefield County, which is said to be more typical of South Carolina, and therefore more typical of this whole country than any other county.

But Senator Thurmond's ultimate aim is totally selfish. It is to do those things that will help Thurmond. In certain time periods, Senator Thurmond has proved his loyalty. Of course, he was a soldier and got some decorations. When he came back, he ran for governor and some say he served as well as governor. But when he left South Carolina, I presume it was about that time he began to abandon his people and to become a betrayer of our best interests. He unquestionably has entered that segment of inner control that Nixon definitely was in.

But all of Nixon's activities indicate that he is simply a tool of these powers as is Senator Thurmond...Strom was about the first Senator to announce, I believe it was in June or July of 1971. Undoubtedly, he calculated that if he could get all his money—his contributions—before he would have to put it on the record, he would be safe. He announced one evening in Washington and there was present half of the President's cabinet and literally scores of the wealthiest people, industrialists in the country.

Senator Thurmond stated that evening that it takes a lot of money to run a campaign and be elected to the United States Senate. Thurmond during that evening and during that time period undoubtedly collected hundreds of thousands of dollars, because the records show he spent so much. He has done something that is in a sense worse than violating the law. He has taken advantage of the law. A street-fighting revolutionary goes out and fights for what he believe is, and gets put in jail. That is more honorable than exercising a political license like Nixon and Thurmond have been doing. They have been doing this all their lives.

Senator Thurmond tried to get me over on Nixon's side way back in the fifties. He called Senator Nixon's attention to some editorials I had written and Nixon sent me a complimentary letter. But it caused me to believe that even as early as that Thurmond had seen in Nixon his type—Tricky—and began to work with them that early. In 1968 he invited Reagan—I attended his luncheon in Columbia—and he lifted the hands of Reagan up in victory before the people of South Carolina as though 'Here is the man.'

And Thurmond had said in many counties that he agreed wholeheartedly with everything George Wallace said, but that he couldn't be elected. Then he went down to Miami and so undercut Reagan and sold Wallace down the river and then with Rockefeller and those other fascists—excuse me for saying that, for I can't prove that their intentions are to create here a fascist government—but with that little circle—you might say Javits and Lindsay, Thurmond elevated Nixon to what we have right now: a tragedy.

Thurmond betrayed first the South, he betrayed the good faith of the people of South Carolina. And in the long run, you can see, betrayed his own country. Because look what he has given us in Washington. He gave us Watergate.

OS: Given your much documented opposition to Thurmond, did you strongly support Zeigler in 1972? Obviously, that would have been an interesting position for you, because Zeigler took some political stands one wouldn't expect you to support, such as his proposals for wider governmental support of health care.

Mims: I deeply sensed the tragedy Senator Thurmond was bringing to my county in the design of that water system...I wasn't really interested in Mr. Zeigler. I didn't know him, and I can't say that I had any interest in him. My interest, as I stated, is getting this issue before the people and before the courts. It was a statewide issue.

It is also a nationwide issue. I call it the number one issue in America. We have reached the end of a cycle in which people have been attracted to the urban life style. The auto made it easy to go to the bright lights of the city, and the

(continued on page eight)

become engaged with any kind of project unless I think it is a good thing, almost desperately worthwhile. Then, I simply go all out.

OS: What is the circulation of the paper now?

Mims: We had a circulation campaign in 1964 and we had about 2,600. But so many people subscribed just to help a friend win an automobile or one of the cash prizes, and most of that was lost. We had gotten down to about normal, about 1,600 about this time two years ago, when my newspaper was the subject of a conspiratorial boycott.

OS: This was a boycott by whom?

Mims: It was a conspiracy of individuals. It was a pattern that I would not like to go into right now, because the evidence that will go into court is something I don't even like to reveal the fringes of. But it was a conspiratorial boycott. They held meetings and organized with the deliberate attempt of stopping all of my advertising. And they succeeded in doing it. And when you lose your advertising, you lose the revenue necessary to have a good newspaper.

OS: What is the difference in your advertising now and before this boycott you mentioned?

Mims: My advertising was good up until the boycott started. But over a period of about eight months, I lost it all. All that they could get to, and that was 95 to 98 percent. Now I won't go into how they did it. I really couldn't do that. If I did, you would easily understand the criminality, the malicious intent, and the poisonous mechanics. Imagine your dropping a stone in the middle of a pond. The ripples would go all the way out total and complete, and at the same time, it brings up old poisons, old things that could be used against me, things that were long since forgotten about.

I've run for office several times. I've been bitterly engaged in controversy almost ever since I've been editing this newspaper, out of the sense of totally serving my county and my country. So because I have been sort of a public figure and having stuck my neck out all these years, these boycotters were able not only to take my advertising, but to in every sense, regenerate old prejudices in this state, old envies, old differences. I must say—and I'm sure the Justice Department in Washington is well-versed in all this and I'm working with them—I'm sure that you can understand as they do, after a hundred years of experience with the Sherman Antitrust Act, that a conspiratorial boycott is one of the most malicious and violence-prone things in our civilization that our body of law has to deal with. A conspiratorial boycott is an extremely dangerous thing and the law holds it as such, too. You have to have the evidence and I'm confident I do have it.

W.W. Mims

city culture has always attracted rural people. After they've seen Paree, how will you get them back to the country?, just like in the song.

But the tragedy of all the congressional legislation in the past forty years—while its intent was to keep the rural people as the backbone of America, to preserve this great heritage, yet when it comes to spending the money, the politicians make darn sure the money goes where the most folks are. So there is a cumulative effect that has really denuded the country of its people, its economics. So that's why I got into this campaign last year, to publicize these issues.

OS: Do you worry at all—now or in the past—about your phone being tapped or any other interference with your work?

Mims: I have such a burning zeal that it immediately destroys any fear that I may have of anything. I simply just do not have it.

OS: You seem to have a one-man battle down here. Sitting in your office here in Edgefield maybe you sometimes feel isolated from world events. How do you see the immediate future? Are both political parties too similar, too tied to the same interests? Gore Vidal wrote an article about a year ago that said there is only one political party in the United States. He called it the Property Party and said there are two wings of it which protect the interests of the propertied in the United States. He said the Democrats and the Republicans are just different wings of the Property Party and just have different tactics for seeking similar goals. He feels that both are financed by, and in turn protect, the same interests.

Mims: I agree. That's why I've always voted for George Wallace. He's the only one. Let me delineate it like this. McGovern was the Communist. Nixon was the fascist. Wallace was the only American and they shot him. That's rather typical. They're going to shoot down anybody who seems to be wanting to preserve this great nation. I say McGovern was Communist, which indicates that the Democratic Party was tending towards Communism. It certainly looked to be. I say Nixon was a fascist. Well, he says he is a Keynesian socialist. He says that himself.

OS: I believe he says he is a Keynesian.

Mims: So that would indicate the Republicans are tending toward fascism. Of course, the Republicans always have been. The big money, the big power has always been identified with the Republicans. It goes all the way back to Hamilton and the Federalist Papers. There was a tendency way back then for the Eastern establishment to want to run the whole show and to think they are superior and should do it. Like the oldest sons.

OS: You sound like you prefer the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson.

Mims: Definitely. All the way.

OS: Do you think Wallace is in the spirit of Jefferson?

Mims: The only one who comes near it. Wallace would be the perfect man for the Presidency, but, of course, people say, 'Why do you support Wallace, because if he gets in there, the conditions will have changed so much that Wallace will be the leader.' I'm very much a Wallace man. He is the American. The others have no inclination to speak of the greatness of America. You very seldom hear the old professionals in either party be other than pragmatic in their speeches. They seldom have any emotional appeal about them.

Of course Wallace grew right out of this type of rural environment. He grew up with his feet in the cotton rows of Alabama. He has a very poor background as far as economics is concerned. He's a typical fighting American and he wants to put America first. So he's an American. Nixon's a fascist. McGovern's a Communist, if you want to delineate the extremes.

OS: On the state level, are there any individuals who could provide the kind of leadership that South Carolina needs?

Mims: There are two old sayings: that a man makes the times and times make the man. We are living in a time now that could make a great leader. We are at the end of a great cycle at which life styles have reached a point where people are going into slavery unless they wake up and begin to want the freedom that I think the ownership of land provides. I think there's something inherent in owning property that makes a man be a better citizen and stimulates his business freedom.

The principal issue now is reversing the trend to the cities and providing the inducements for people to go back and be a part of the land and the country heritage.

OS: You mean like in small communities?

Mims: Go back to the old pioneer settlements. And they will do it if given a good chance. It has been documented from the earliest times that the rural character won all the wars. Napoleon was reaching a desperate stage in his career and he sent his recruiting officers to gather the rural boys and this re-invigorated his armies. It is your rural type American who has really moved this country.

There is a relationship between the human spirit and the environment. A polluted urban environment tends to make



W.W. Mims and his sole employee.



"I've always voted for George Wallace. He's the only one. McGovern was the communist. Nixon was the fascist. Wallace was the only American and they shot him."

a man less of a man. Now, I know it makes him more artful and crafty. It produces the great artists, you might say. But how do those artists perform?

We are losing the original species of American, because he is the true character. He attracts more attention on television. The pioneer American is a fascinating example. Those twelve men who went to the Alamo with Davy Crockett. It so happened it was a country boy from Edgefield—Colonel Travis—who was commanding officer. He left from this courthouse to go to the Alamo. The Alamo revitalized patriotism in the nineteenth century.

After the revolution, people went back home and started farming. But you've got to fight over and over for freedom. At no time can you really enjoy freedom unless you're ready to fight for it. So here in the 1830s when patriotism in this country was in the doldrums, was this country boy from Edgefield County who went out and set the spirit of the nation on fire again.

I think it revitalized this thing we call patriotism, or spiritual zeal for our country. It depends on the rural citizen. Of course, this is all Jeffersonian. Thomas Jefferson, as I said, expressed my philosophy. I inherit a great devotion for all of Thomas Jefferson's thoughts, ideas, and ideals.

OS: Even ones like, 'We need a revolution every thirty years'?

Mims: Here's what he said, more or less. He said recurringly the people will have to resort to bloodshed to re-insure their liberties. Absolutely. If I were to give you my real views, you would perhaps say I am an ultra-ultra radical, along those particular lines.

But what would I initiate giving my own blood for? It would absolutely have to be to preserve the structure and the great values that I know young people need to carry them through. I've got four children and eight grandchildren myself.

You must keep these values or you become a slave to change, a slave to a dictator, or a bureaucracy. Even Nixon said the people are fed up with bureaucrats. Nixon is always saying things that appeal to the people but he never does what he says he's going to do. He never does.

OS: Don't you think Nixon's statements that he is appealing to 'the people' and 'the people's best interests' are a bit tainted by the people he associates with: the people who finance his campaigns, the people he dines with at John Connally's ranch?

Mims: It's all a power structure he has built up in a fascist style. I've never seen anything in Nixon except words that are ever produced. He said himself [Actually, his attorney general John Mitchell said this. Editor.], 'Don't listen to what we say, but watch what we're going to do.' He was telling the colored people—and they despise him—'don't listen to what I say because I'm talking to Middle America. I'm talking to that silent majority that's supposed to be conservative. But watch what I'm going to do. I'm going to give you desegregated schools,' and he did. But they shore don't like Nixon. I don't know exactly why, but they don't—none of them I know of.

OS: South Carolina has changed a lot in the past fifteen years. What is your stand these days on racial change?

Mims: After the war between the states, I think the white man was trapped in his economic circumstances. He couldn't give the colored man everything or share everything with the colored man. He had to spend all his time trying to educate his children and provide for his family. He was trapped in those circumstances. I know there are people who even after the war between the states believe in slavery. But I have seen around me the colored man being lifted by ideals and religious values. And the colored man is holding on to them now probably better than the white man.

As Lincoln said, we gave them a language and our culture and our general values. And we talked down to them and therefore we developed this slow difficult speech that when we go away to other areas other people laugh at us. We did it so we could communicate with people who were learning our speech and therefore we took on some of their speech, a slower, hotter climate language. We made a lot of sacrifices. There was the mixture of blood which was very unfortunate, I think.

In the hundred years after the war, I really think the white man was doing the best he could. But don't overlook this. There were many white people right here in this country who were giving their whole lives for the colored man in principles of sharing, and compassion and seeing there was no suffering and that they got an education. And I think these people exceeded the Kennedys and the other reformers in the north in their sincerity.

I sat at a conference with some blacks last Friday, and I said the greatest progress is going to be made by the southern blacks and whites who understand each other and who care for each other. I said that's one reason I'm for George Wallace. He sees the reality. He stood in the schoolhouse door in Alabama when he thought there were certain rights he had to defend and he would not submit to change except at a measured pace and whereas all things might be right, I'm going to stand firm until I see that our people have a measure of control over this change. And you know those blacks, after I had my say, this black lawyer spent about fifteen minutes. He agreed with me. He said he didn't find Wallace all bad. He said he blamed him for some things, and he blamed the Kennedys for some things. He said, 'You know, I just might be able to support George Wallace, because I don't see the man as all bad, and I do see him as a southerner who understands us, and who probably has had many things amended since he stood in the schoolhouse door.'

I personally believe Wallace is middle of the road now on integration. He has recently expressed this view that he is going for the middle of the road, neither the ultra conservative or liberal, and if he runs for President on the Democratic ticket, it will be because the Democrats have moved from far left towards a position of moderate change.

I would have agreed with Robert E. Lee when he assumed command of the armies of the South. He had freed all his slaves. He said, 'I'm not fighting to keep the colored man in servitude. I'm fighting for the right of self-rule and states' rights.'

And right here. I'm fighting to preserve Edgefield County.

Movies: Holiday Leftovers

MAGNUM FORCE

Starring Hal Holbrook and Clint Eastwood
At the Miracle Theatre

Two years ago, Don Siegal directed a nifty little film called "Dirty Harry"—a right-wing fantasy in which policeman Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood) defies Supreme Court rulings to get his man—a child molester and murderer (from what we see on the screen) made totally repulsive by Andy Robertson's superb acting job and helped along by endless plot contrivances. Siegal, at least, has a sense of humor, a fine hand with realism, and, from what we realize after watching *Magnum Force*, a gentleman's sense of decency.

Magnum Force is a sequel to the earlier *Dirty Harry* which was a financial bonanza for Warner Brothers. Clint Eastwood once again plays "Gun-Happy" Harry as the inscrutable drifter he created in the early Italian westerns. Whenever he speaks, he attempts it with great strain—as if the fate of the western world depended on what he had to say.

The film opens with the acquittal of Ricca, a notorious union leader indicted for murder who escapes prosecution because of technically inadmissible evidence. In a ridiculous demonstration scene, a fellow standing in one corner of the screen—looking almost like a figure in an Oliphant cartoon—screams "F** the courts!" For the next two hours, people behave as if this county had no judicial system. Ricca hops into his car with three henchmen and drives away. Shortley out of town, a rookie traffic cop pulls their car off the road. Instead of issuing a ticket, he blows hell out of all four at extremely close range with a Magnum revolver.

Unusual murders continue until police are able to establish some type of MO for the crimes. All involve people who had criminal connections or were in other ways odious to a "free" society. So, we watch patiently as a gangster and his semi-nude friends are machine-gunned while swimming (the water helps the blood flow), and a be-wigged gangster and his male and female love-mates are blasted against plush boudoir walls. Then, for no reason at all, we get to watch a black pimp feed a can of Drano to one of his numbers, only to have to sit out his inevitable death in the white-skinned seats of a Pepto-Bismol Pink Cadillac.

Harry, in the meantime, gets in his own licks. He stops a hijacking, and later saves his Negro partner from getting his head blown off by a robber who coldly demands "Suck this rifle!" Finally, he gets to wipe out a mobster he'd been after for a long time. He refuses to join Hal Holbrook and his gang of murderers because—gosh darn it—they're working *outside* the system in keeping the "wrong" people off the streets. He massacres them one by one and praises his own moderation. "A man's got to know his limits", Clint smiles.

Not even Siegal, had he chosen to do this sequel, could have worked with John Milius and Michael Cimino's grisly screenplay. Milius has written better stuff—"Harry"—and "Jeremiah Johnson" included. Even at his best, he has a tendency to politicize through sentiment rather than intellectual means. Thus, we get people mythicizing racist-murderer Jeremiah Johnson and, now, Harry, who declares himself on the side of the "right" people *within* the system while using the storm-trooper tactics of the brutally criminal *Magnum Force*. Director Ted Post ("Beneath the Planet of the Apes") can handle crowd scenes well but fails to gain any rhythmic momentum to connect the "action" scenes to the rest of the movie. And Hal Holbrook hits the lowest depths of his career.

Oh, don't get me wrong. I can accept a movie like "Magnum Force" on my own terms. I purposely went to an afternoon showing so I could curse, howl, and laugh at

the screen just like I do with "Dragnet" every evening. I can accept it at some level—even if as an elaborate joke (which scares hell out of me).

—Mike Smith

THE NEW LAND

With Liv Ullman and Max Von Sydow

It is to their own misfortune that many Columbians have missed Jan Troell's latest film, *The New Land*. The sequel to last year's *The Emigrants*, *The New Land* is a truly beautiful and sensitive film. Both films are based on novels from a tetralogy by Wilhelm Moberg. (*The New Land*'s original title was *The Settlers*.)

The New Land is very different from many of our highly romanticized blood-and-guts escapist dramas and our sentimental love stories. But, Clint Eastwood and Ali McGraw aside, *The New Land* is both drama and love story. The difference between this and many other current films is that it is also intensely real and intensely human. One feels that the characters are relatively accurate portrayals of our actual forebears. This recognition is itself a most exciting and moving experience.

Though the movement of the film, much like the films of Indian director Satyajit Ray, is determined by the rhythmic, undulating seasonal cycle, the action of the film is nevertheless highly dramatic, for the simple reason that life in middle and Western America in the 1850's was itself a highly dramatic experience. The people of *The New Land* emigrate from Sweden to settle in Minnesota—the husband, Karl-Oskar Nilson (Max Von Sydow), his wife, Christina (Liv Ullman), his younger brother Robert (Eddie Axberg) and his children whose number multiplies throughout the film. The main events occur between the Nilson's arrival in 1850 and Christina's death in 1862, though the film's last minutes encapsulate Karl-Oskar's final lonely years before his death in 1890. (Part of the film's original 3½ hours may have been cut down here to its present 2¾ for U.S. showing).

When the Nilsons arrived, along with a handful of other Scandinavians, they peacefully settled in the midst of the lush and beautiful homeland of the Sioux. Naturally, with the encroachment by more and more white settlers on Indian territory, conflicts for land and food developed.

Also in the 1850s, California gold and its promise of easy, immediate wealth drew many American adventurers to their doom, young Robert Nilson among them. One of the most interesting sequences of the film is Robert's astonishingly rapid aging and disintegration from an adventurous 18 year-old to a pallid and blacktoothed, balding old man of 22. He leaves home a high-spirited teenager with dreams of adventures and riches in the California gold fields, expecting to get there with ingenuity and a single dollar—Karl-Oskar's last. After his return to Minnesota, Robert's story is told in flashback with unsynchronized and disparate percussion sounds which accompany and amplify rather than narrate his adventures. The story of his trek west, though conveyed visually, is clear enough. It demonstrates how a deft director, aided by highly competent actors, evocative settings and talented make-up artists, can sensitively yet wordlessly tell a rather complicated story.

The generation gap is nothing new. Karl-Oskar, Robert's older brother, unfortunately cannot recognize the mature but poignantly metaphorical man in his returned younger brother, and, with a tragic lack of understanding, continues to accuse Robert of childish lies and make-believe. The viewer, however, can see through Robert's memories that his tales are not intentional lies but metaphors. He tells the story of an adventurer who died, with terrific abdominal pains, after swallowing a

small fortune in gold. While the story may or may not be true, it is clearly also a metaphorical account of the death of his best friend and companion who headed West hungry for gold, but became lost on the

desert and greedily gulped down poisoned water only to die himself of intense abdominal pains.

Max Von Sydow, playing Karl-Oskar exhibits a wide range of overt emotions—from joy to anger and sorrow—that he has rarely shown in his more subdued and severely controlled performances in innumerable Ingmar Bergman films. As Bergman's alter ego he is introspective and intellectual; as Troell's protagonist, he is an intensely human pioneer full of robust as well as subtle emotions. In *The New Land* he is more fully human and less a state of mind walking.

Liv Ullman, until recently another member of Bergman's repertory of fine actors (as well as his mistress), was nominated for last year's Academy Award in *The Emigrants* (and she could have also been nominated for Bergman's *Cries and Whispers*, as well, had Bergman chosen to have anything to do with that Hollywood festival.) In *The New Land* she again proves herself a brilliant and highly sensitive actress. The high point of the dubbing is

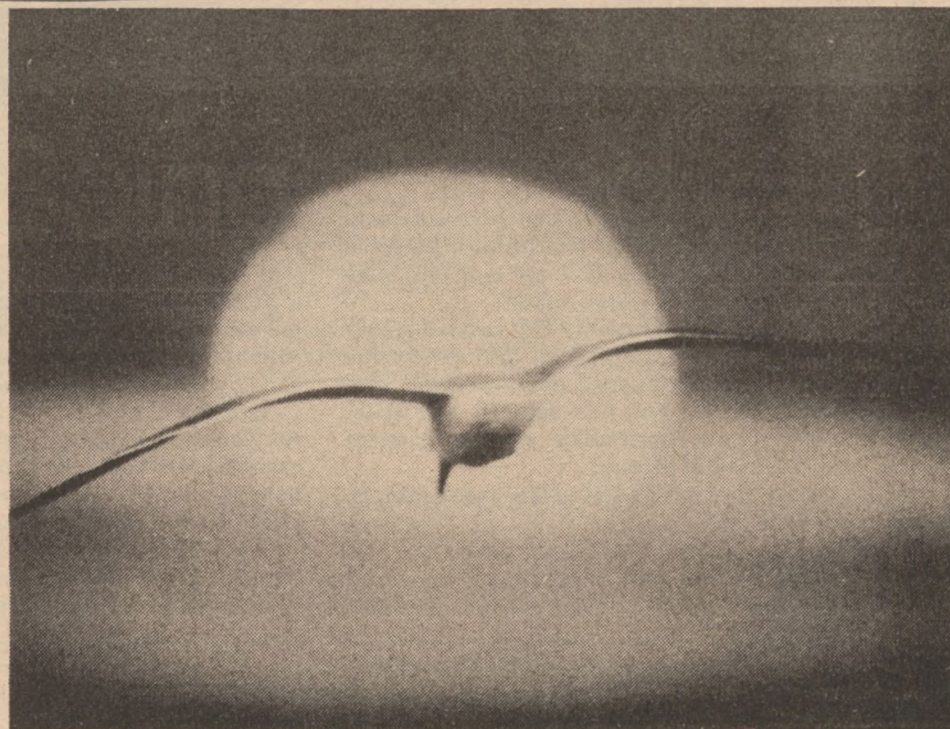
without a doubt Christina's voice, almost certainly Ullman's own.

Music in *The New Land* is minimized, though Troell's evocative use of a variety of sounds and voices is evident, particularly in the flashback of Robert's journey. For example, we hear certain mysterious sounds as he dreams, only to recognize them a few moments later as they illustrate his memories and can be identified as the slicing of potatoes, the scream of a hawk, someone being whipped in the next room. The sounds Troell chooses are, however, natural ones for the most part.

His use of detail is also painstaking and evocative. We are briefly shown, for example, the daily rounds of a pioneer family whose massacre by starving Indians we know to be imminent. As the beautiful young wife plucks a white fowl, her children innocently play with the fluffy feathers. By such careful selection of detail, Troell causes the viewer to feel honest outrage at their murder.

An ironic American phenomenon is the settler who leaves the old country because of its dogmatic authoritarianism only to institute the same thing in the new world. But this time it is he who is the particular authoritarian dogmatist in control. The

(continued on page 10)



Jonathan Livingston Seagull directed by Hall Bartlett
Shepard Wright McAninch, age 11, is a sixth grade student at Olympia Middle School. He has both read the book and seen the film Jonathan Livingston Seagull. His favorite things are his new guitar, soccer, models, reading, eating and monsters. He



photo by Bill McAninch

thinks Seagulls, was the best book he has ever read. The film, he said, was good, not the best.

by Shepard McAninch

The movie *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* kind of expresses that there is only a limit to learning when you want one. Jonathan goes on beyond the flying limits of the flock. He learns lots more than the other gulls at the beginning of the film. At the beginning he is trying out and learning new ways to fly. And because of that he becomes an outcast of the flock. But he goes on learning more by himself. After a while he gets teachers that help him to learn still more, but they leave him to go teach other gulls.

After a while, Fletcher (a gull from Jonathan's first flock) becomes an outcast for wanting to learn also, so Jonathan helps him learn more.

In the movie, there seems to be music that only comes when he is learning how to fly better.

I also think that the photography was excellent. The reason I thought that is because that's possibly how Jonathan felt.

When Jonathan shot down at 100 m.p.h. going smack toward a cliff and 10 feet away he shot up into the air almost killing himself it seemed like being on a roller coaster.

During the making of the film I think they killed too many gulls by crushing them in water or on cliffs. And the Narration was very bad because it was never talk, just whispering with kind of a hoarse voice for Jonathan which didn't sound so good.

I think it didn't follow the book very well, but, I also think it would be a good movie to go to 'cause mainly it was pretty good.

Capital punishment: back from the dead

(Continued from page one)

any fear of the consequences any more."

To the surprise of no one, the study committee later approved a bill, 8-1, that would reinstate the death penalty by replacing former statutes with one that reads simply: "Whoever is guilty of murder shall suffer the penalty of death."

The bill eventually floundered in committee during the 1973 session of the legislature, but when the '74 session opened this week the bill was one of the main items of legislation such luminaries as House speaker Rex Carter were tossing about in interviews with the press corps as "top priority" legislation. On Wednesday, however, the House Judiciary Committee pulled a shocker of their own by deciding not to pursue the death penalty question any further until the U.S. Supreme Court issues more definitive guidelines for a number of grey areas.

Meanwhile other members of the General Assembly have indicated there may be attempts to get the bill out to the floor even before the Supreme Court makes its move to clarify the '73 ruling, since many of them are anxious to get some kind of capital punishment law on the books, just in case....

Already, only 18 months after the Court's decision, 23 states have reinstated the death penalty, and 44 persons (including 21 in North Carolina) await execution.

The moral and constitutional issues surrounding the use of the death penalty, as well as the debate over its usefulness as a deterrent to crime, are necessarily complex. Evidence showing the discriminatory manner in which it has been used in the past is not.

Earl Middleton, the only black member of the special study committee, was also the only member to oppose the decision. And he did so after witnesses before the group had cited the facts and figures to back their contentions that capital punishment in South Carolina has been, as the black-oriented *Charleston Chronicle* called it, "a nigger penalty bill."

For example:

-- During the years between 1912 and 1962 (the only years figures are available) 80.9 per cent of those executed (195 persons) were black while 19.1 per cent (46) were white.

-- Of the total 241 electrocutions, 77.7 per cent (136) were black murderers while 22.3 per cent (39) were white.

-- 85.7 per cent (30 persons) of those executed were black rapists while 14.3 per cent (five persons) were white.

-- 100 per cent of those convicted of "assault with intent to ravish" were black, all 27 persons.

-- the youngest man, 14 years old, and the oldest man, 66 years old, were both black.

During testimony before the special committee last year, several witnesses warned that, if reinstated, the death penalty might resume the same racist pattern. Attorney



The Chair

General Dan McLeod warned that any new death penalty "must be applied evenhandedly -- for black and white, rich and poor."

But Isaac Williams, state field director of the NAACP, said "There are places in this state where blacks don't stand a ghost of a chance in getting through local courts. The judicial system is still predominately white, and I don't believe that system is presently structured to be able to handle an animal like the death penalty."

Lawrence Toliver, a black member of the S.C. Council for Human Rights, after noting that 81 per cent of those executed were black as opposed to only one-third of the population, told the committee, "I implore you not to create another crop of hangmen judges."

Republican Senators Thomas Hartnett and James Edwards of Charleston, who were two of the first members of the legislature to begin clamoring (they once warned that

hardened criminals would flock to South Carolina from nearby states, if the General Assembly failed to act) for a new law, have both declared that "times have changed" and that racial prejudice would never be a factor in sending a person to the electric chair in these days. Yet of the 44 persons on death row in the United States right now, 29 are black, another is an Indian, and 14 are white.

And one of the problems with Senate bill 270 is that -- like many of the capital punishment statutes passed by other states -- it would still be possible for juries to find certain defendants guilty of manslaughter while finding other defendants guilty of murder. Thus the possibility of arbitrary and discriminatory application of the death penalty, which is the specific reason the Supreme Court reached its historic June, 1972 decision in the first place, would still exist.

When the House of Representatives returned to Columbia Tuesday, among the substantial amount of background material handed to them was an 80-page report entitled "The Death Penalty in South Carolina."

The report was prepared by four University of South Carolina faculty members (Bruce Pearson, Frank Brown, and David King of the sociology department and law professor William McAninch) and funds for the printing were supplied by a private citizen, H.L. Elliott of Winnsboro.

Their report deals with all aspects of the death penalty controversy, including the "need" for capital punishment, the chances of various capital punishment statutes meeting Supreme Court approval, the "impact" of capital punishment on society, and also offers some specific recommendations.

One of the essential questions involved with the death penalty is that of whether or not it truly acts as a deterrent.

"Sociologists and law enforcement officials including FBI director Clarence Kelley agree," the report says, "that criminal homicide is related to social factors that are largely beyond the control of police and largely unaffected by legislative efforts at control."

"Public opinion, as reflected in the Gallup Poll, suggests support for capital punishment. But public opinion, as reflected in the practice of juries, suggests an actual reluctance to impose the death penalty."

One of the main factors arousing public support for the death penalty nationwide, the report acknowledges, is the plight of police officers who are slain on duty. But the report presented to the House cites evidence that: "The limited data available on police attitudes toward capital punishment dispute the popular impression that police are united in their support of the death penalty. Comparison of data on police killings in capital punishment states and states lacking the death penalty shows only a slight difference, but the difference suggests that police are safer in jurisdictions lacking the death penalty."

Insofar as the legality of capital punishment and Senate bill 270 go, the report concludes: "Since prosecutors have considerable discretion in deciding whether to bring murder or manslaughter charges, it seems likely that a mandatory penalty as broad as that proposed will encourage the prosecution of many 'murder' cases as manslaughter. This again raises the very questions of arbitrary and discriminatory application that were at issue...."

Finally, the report recommends: "We find no need for the enactment of S. 270. Even if there were evidence that capital punishment in some form is needed, S. 270 would not be a good bill..."

"If, contrary to the evidence, the Legislature believes capital punishment is needed, a mandatory death penalty for narrowly defined crimes such as multiple murder, murder of a policeman or prison guard, or felony murder is more likely than S. 270 to win court approval."

"We urge the Legislature to face the challenge of understanding homicide as a social problem inseparable from other social phenomena -- employment opportunities, education, mental health facilities, drinking habits, and the availability of lethal weapons, to mention only a few. One part of the system -- the homicide rate -- cannot be changed appreciably except as the entire system is modified."

Even one of the co-authors of the report conceded Thursday that "I have little doubt that some kind of death penalty will eventually pass, even though I am personally opposed to any, and felt that these facts should be available to the legislature."

Yet since 1974 is an election year, it seems likely that the topic of capital punishment will emerge at some point both in the legislative session and in the various summer and fall campaigns.

And, as Clarence Darrow once put it, "Questions like capital punishment are not settled by reason but by prejudice and sentiments and emotions. And when they are settled, they do not stay settled, for the emotions change as new stimuli are applied."

MOVIES

(Continued from page nine)

devout people of the Swedish religion look upon the more liberal and free-thinking Baptist convert in their midst as an emissary of the devil!! Times have not changed. Only the alleged emissaries of the devil have.

The New Land is reminiscent of nothing so much as Satyajit Ray's *Apu* trilogy (particularly *Pather Panchali*) with its cyclic rhythm of life movement, with its painstaking and poignant depiction of the daily lives, the rise and fall of the fortunes of a simple people close to the soil. One can but hope that Troell's films may spawn other such realistic and sensitive attempts at movie-making. One may also hope that someday Columbians will get another chance at *The New Land*.

—Jerry McAninch

"A DARK AND FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE UNLIKE ANYTHING EVER FILMED!"
—Paul D. Zimmerman, *Newsweek*

"THRILLS AND SUSPENSE! DIRECTOR NICOLAS ROEG AND HIS STARS WILL HOLD YOU IN THRALL!"
—Judith Crist, *New York Magazine*

"THE THRILLER OF THE YEAR!"
—Bernard Drew, *Gannett Newspapers*

"★★★★½★! A MOVIE OF BURNING INTENSITY AND DISTURBING EROTICISM!"
—N. Y. *Daily News*

JULIE CHRISTIE DONALD SUTHERLAND

"DON'T LOOK NOW"
A psychic thriller

Starts Wednesday
January 16

Palmetto
1317 MAIN STREET

as you live & breathe

give to Christmas Seals

EVENTS & entertainments

January 11 - 18

cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last minute changes in schedules.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225

"Coffy" about a black superwoman and "The Mach" have a double feature. "Coffy" plays at 3:30 and 7:15 p.m. and "The Mach" plays at 5:15 and 9:10 p.m. Rated R.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3320 Two Notch Road, 787-1225

"The Carnal Community" runs at 3:30 p.m. and rotates with "Jekyll and Hyde." Please call theatre for details and times. Rated X.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Hell Up In Harlem" called the worst of blaxploitation flicks is still playing. Times are 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. Rated R.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Mall, 798-1100

"Papillon" reigns on. Dustin Hoffman is superb in this adventure film. Times are 1, 3:35, 6:15, and 9 p.m. Rated PG, but we saw it and we think it rates an "R" for violence and just plain depravity.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Mall, 798-1100

"American Wilderness", a nature film, is playing for a short time only. Please call theatre for showtimes. Rated G—Great for kids.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Seven-Ups" with Roy Schneider from "The French Connection" stars in this cops and robbers and dop fiends and chase scenes movie. The promo reads "the most electrifying chase in screen entertainment"—so if you go for that stuff, this one is for you. Times are 2:10, 4, 5:50, 7:40, 9:30 p.m. Should be Rated R for violence—keep the kiddies away.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, S.C. 796-0022

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, same address and phone

"The Last Tango in Paris" is playing at both theatres. If you missed this superb film about personal visions, disillusion, and interactions, featuring Brando at his best, see it this time. We're glad that Irvin-Fuller has brought this one back. Times are 2, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45, 7, 8:15, and 9:30 p.m. rotating times at each theatre—so pick the one that's right for you.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Sting" is a fantastic movie about con-men in the 1930s. Robert Redford and Paul Newman are really fun and with the great acting of the rest of the cast, this one is a must. Times are 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:20, and 9:40 p.m. Rated PG.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1226 Main Street, 256-1950

"Magnum Force" starring Hal Holbrook and Clint Eastwood in the ultimate in bad movies as far as taste and violence and mindless sex. Times at 1, 3, 5:10, 7:10, and 9:30 p.m.

Late Show. "Zachariah" has been around so many times on the late night circuit you've probably already seen it. But it's at 11 p.m. Friday night and the ticket price is \$2.00.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 256-1950

"Jonathan Livingston Seagull" is playing on. It has gotten consistently poor reviews, but our own Shepard McAninch thinks it's all right. Call the theatre for times of this picturesque saga of a seagull.

"Don't Look Now" with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland in a fine film about the supernatural. Filmed in Venice, it's about grief-stricken parents and the occult. Starts Wednesday, Jan. 16.

PLAZA III Theatre, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Westworld" with Richard Benjamin and James Brolin in a tale about an adult Disneyland and how it all goes wrong. Times at 1:50, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"Robin Hood" is strictly for the kiddies. Times are 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00, 7:30, and 9:00 p.m.

Starting Friday, January 18th is "Fantasia" a surrealistic film for adults and children.

art

The Annual SPRINGS MILLS ART SHOW sponsored by Springs Mills Fabrics from Fort Mill, S. C. is now on view at the Columbia Museum of Art at the corner of Bull and Senate Streets in downtown Columbia. Winners this year are Frank Faulkner, Ray Drasites, Harry Hansen, John O'Neil, and Warren Johnson. The show is pretty lackluster, but Johnson's piece "Cecil's Deisel" is worth seeing in the Trustees Gallery.

Also on view at the Museum are the paintings of Francis Chapin through January 27 and drawings and paintings by Hans Boehler run through the 31st.

MOUNT ANGEL LIBRARY, an interpretive photographic study of the Oregon library by Alvar Aalto is on view at the Lee Hall Gallery at the College of Architecture at Clemson University through Jan. 28 along with the sculpture of JOHN KEHOE, which will run through the first of February. If you're in the neighborhood...

dance

JAMES CUNNINGHAM AND THE ACME DANCE COMPANY will have a workshop "for dancers and non-dancers" in sound and movement at the Campus Room of Capstone Building January 20 through January 21. There will be three workshops: Sunday, Jan. 20 at 7:00 p.m.; Monday, Jan. 21 at noon, and Monday, Jan. 21 at 7:00 p.m.. Participants should wear comfortable clothes easy to move in or dancers' leotards. This is being sponsored by the University Union Cultural Series Committee with the assistance of the S. C. Arts Commission and the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, D. C. All events are open and free to everyone. For further information contact Frank Siano or Gretchen Laatsch at the University Union, 777-4144.

special

Great news for radio lovers. CBS has recently released the Radio Mystery Theatre which will present quality mystery shows seven nights a week, from 10:05 until 11. The series is being carried by WIS, an NBC affiliate. The show has been greeted with much enthusiasm, and many fine actors are working for less than they are accustomed to. The overall cast is quite impressive, including E.G. Marshall as host, and reknowned players such as Zero Mostel, Agnes Moorehead, Martin Balsam, Kim Hunter and Richard Widmark.

The show's producer, Hi Brown, is also a veteran in the field, having produced such classics as "Inter Sanctum," "John's Other Wife," "Dick Tracy," and "The Thin Man."

concerts

JOHNNY WINTER and BROWNSVILLE STATION will be appearing at the Carolina Coliseum on January 20 at 8 p.m. Ticket prices are \$5.50 and \$4.50 are can be found at the Coliseum Box Office and all Coliseum ticket outlets.

theatre

WHITE LIES by Peter Schaeffer and THE DUMBWAITER by Harold Pinter will be produced by Workshop Theatre starting January 22 through February 3. Directed by Harvey Golden, who knows how to do Pinter plays. Workshop Theatre was partially destroyed by fire last weekend, so call the theatre to find out where the play will be held and details on tickets. Curtain time is generally 8:30 p.m. We hope that Workshop recovers from this bout with chaos—Columbia can't afford to lose the only legitimate theatre in town.

television

Sunday, January 13

Noon-ACC Basketball. The Maryland Terrapins and the N.C. State Wolfpack clash in what should be one of the better games of the season. State won last time these two met, but it was close. (Channel 10)

12:30 p.m.-NBA Basketball. The Celtics meet the Hawks in Atlanta. (Channel 19)

2:00 p.m.-Movie. "The War Lord" (1965) Charlton Heston, Richard Boone. A tale of romance and swabbuckling action in 11th century France. (Channel 25)

2:30 p.m.-Lawrence Welk. A musical tribute to America with "Stars and Stripes Forever;" "This Land is Your Land;" and other songs that made America what it is today. (Channel 10)

3:00 p.m.-The Super Bowl (Channel 19)

3:30 p.m.-Special. "A Year Apart" an NBC report on the year's major news stories. (Channel 10)

4:30 p.m.-Palmetto Report. Editor-Publishers Fred Sheheen of Banner Publications, Arthur

Cooper of the State and Ed Chaffin of the Greenwood-Index Journal discuss editorial policies of their publications. (Channel 35, ETV)

5:30 p.m.-Special. An NBC report on striking it rich during the energy crisis examines the beneficial effect of the shortage on people who own supertankers, etc. (Channel 10)

7:30 p.m.-Movie Special. "True Grit" with Big John Wayne walking through another role that the old guy won an Academy Award for. Makes you wonder what the movie industry is thinking about...Other stars include Kim Darby and Glen (sigh) Campbell. Kim's looking for her daddy and John is, well, he's John Wayne... (Channel 25)

Monday, January 14

"The Killers" a special on matters of life and breath in "Pulmonary Disease: The Hidden Enemy". Among the disorders surveyed are hyaline membrane (which killed President Kennedy's premature baby son Patrick in August 1963), occupational hazards posed by asbestos particles and coal dust (which causes black lung disease) and lung cancer, asthma, common colds, bronchitis and all those other cheery things. Should be worth watching if you feel particularly immortal. (Channel 35, ETV)

9:00 p.m.-Movie. "From Russia With Love" has James Bond (alias Sean Connery) fighting SMERSH with the aid of a lovely Russian double agent. This is one of the best, so don't miss the ultimate in "adult" escapism in cinema. (Channel 25)

10:30 p.m.-Bill Moyers' Journal has Gen. Alexander Haig, White House Chief of Staff who replaced H. R. Haldeman, gives a firsthand look at the inner workings of government (he'd better not let Dicky know about this—he'll be fired for insubordination). Among the topics to be discussed (well, sort of) are the rebuilding of the White House staff, the accessibility of Pres. Nixon (non-existent), and Gen. Haig's work with Henry Kissinger. Taped on Jan. 7, so it should be pretty fresh. (Channel 35, ETV)

Tuesday, January 15

8:30 p.m.-Movie. "Mrs. Sundance" has Elizabeth Montgomery (of "Bewitched") as Etta Place, the lover of the dead Sundance Kid. She is searching for him and there is a price on her head and...well, you can easily guess the rest. (Channel 25)

9:30 p.m.-Sports. "NBA All-Star Game". This should be a goody for all you basketball fans, but I'll probably watch "Marcus Welby." (Channel 19)

12:00 a.m.—You won't believe this, but Joe

special

A free public concert by Rick Masten, Big Sur poet, songwriter and troubador philosopher, will be held at 8p.m. Thursday, January 16 in A.C. Flora High School Auditorium. A traveling Unitarian minister, the California poet-guitarist is touring university campuses and churches in the Southeast. His concert is sponsored by the Unitarian Fellowship of Columbia.

Namath is in this movie called "The Last Rebel" about the Civil War. If you want a laugh and are flying high, this is the one for you (I think). (Channel 19)

Wednesday, January 16

8:00 p.m.-Movie. "The Night Stalker" with Darren McGavin as a Las Vegas reporter on the trail of a maniac who thinks he's a vampire and no one believes him. Try it—it's something you can really sink your teeth into—while I slink away from your boo's. (Channel 25)

8:00 p.m.-Bill Moyers' Journal has a discussion between Billy and author Peter Davies about the new legal evidence in the Kent State murders in 1970. Should be interesting for all of us who remember that year... (Channel 35, ETV)

9:30 p.m.-Movie. "Scream of the Wolf" is about the deadly hunt of a monstrous creature that has already savagely killed four people with Peter Graves, Clint Walker, Jo Ann Pflug, etc. Seems like everyone who does features for television is either trying to scare the hell out of us, make us paranoid maniacs, or hypochondriacs. C'est la vie. (Channel 25)

Thursday, January 17

8:00 p.m.-Special. "Trail by Wilderness" about five young city-livers going to Africa on an outdoor survival test. For all you Upward-Bounders. (Channel 10)

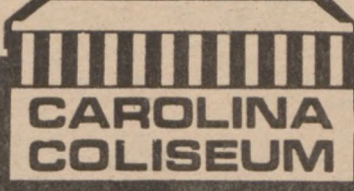
9:00 p.m.-Conflicts presents "Birdbath", an excellent play about a timid young waitress who meets a brash young poet. This is a truly fine play, and if you missed Workshop Theatre's performance of it, you should at least see what it's about this time. With Patty Duke and James Farentino as Velma Sparrow and Frankie Basta. (Channel 35, ETV)

11:30 p.m.-Special. Movies, Movies, Movies has host David Steinberg with film clips from some old and good movies and some bad and new ones (and vice versa and all around. Ho-hum). (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.-Movie. "The Rounders"—a sort of funny modern western about two middle-aged wranglers looking for a last good time. with Glenn Ford (fascist) and Henry Fonda. (Channel 19)

Friday, January 18

1:00 a.m.—Midnight Special has Smokey Robinson, Paul Butterfield's Better Days, Johnny Taylor, Edwin Starr, and Ann Peebles, along with rock group Grin. (Channel 10)



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